

A Palace Plated With Gold.

The czar has a palace just outside of St. Petersburg, known as Tsarsko-Selo, which was built by Catherine the Great. It is of vast extent, and plated over with gold. It took nearly \$1,000,000 worth of bullion to do the work, and when, owing to the dampness of the climate it began to peel off, Catherine ordered it to be painted instead.

Some Russian speculators wanted to scrape off the old gold and melt it over again, and they offered Catherine \$500,000 for the job. She sent them to prison for insulting her with the proposition, and covered the palace with yellow paint.

This palace has rooms walled with amber. It has a parlor covered with lapis lazuli, and the walls and ceiling of one drawing room are of the finest tortoise shell. There are 500 apartments in the palace, and the ballroom covers nearly a half an acre.

The floor is of wooden mosaic, and there are other rooms in which the finish is in ivory, bamboo and in bronze. The palace must have cost millions, and is only one of a dozen which belongs to the czar.

Advice—Not Gratis.

I.—(At the doctor's)—Victim of hay fever—Can you suggest any mode of relieving my persistent inclination to sneeze?

Doctor—Oh! yes—sneeze.

II.—(At the lawyer's)—Client—My neighbor has got a big dog that frightens all us out of our wits. What do you advise me to do?

Lawyer—Get a bigger one; \$5, please.

It Sifteth Closer than a Brother.
Does the rheumatism. Cut off all relationship with it by the aid of Hostetter's Stomachic, which seems to have without loss of time, if you use it promptly and persistently. No testimony is more positive and concurrent than that which establishes its efficacy in this obstinate disease. Use it with assurance of good results for neuralgic, dyspeptic and nervous trouble, constipation and biliousness.

Drinking whiskey to drown trouble is as absurd as it is impossible.

To Cleanse the System
Effectually yet gently, when constipated or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers, use Syrup of Life.

Life is not worth living unless we live it for somebody else.

Dr. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory, Birmingham, Ala.

A special examination often brings about a genuine repentance.

Adjust Family Differences.
Bad temper is often, merely bad digestion. Many quarrels attributed to perverse dispositions are due to indigestion. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills adjust family differences, and would prevent them, which is better, if taken in time.

Ripans Tablets, taken after meals, morning and evening, for a while, regulate the system and sweeten the temper.

Brogden, S. C.
I have used a box of Tetterine, for Tetter on my feet, of 12 years' standing. My nails were thick and were using Tetterine they are growing out new and healthy. Please send me two more boxes to use in case I should have more Tetter. Return the box to Brogden, S. C. in stamps. J. T. Sharpsteen, Savannah, Ga.

After Dinner.
After the heartiest dinner a dose of TYRER'S DYSPEPSIA REMEDY will remove all unpleasant feelings, aid digestion, and build up your health. As an after dinner drink it is far superior to all other remedies, as it never disappears, and leaves no after effects. Write for particulars. For sale by Druggists. Manufactured by CHAS. O. TYRER, Atlanta, Ga.

Tobacco Destroys Vitality.
Nervous system paralyzed by nicotine means lost manhood, weak eyes, and a general all gone look and feeling that robs life of its pleasure. Tobacco is the root of many an important symptom, and No-To-Bac a guaranteed cure. It is a powerful, safe, and pleasant remedy, and is sold by Druggists everywhere. Book, "Don't Take No-To-Bac," sent free. Write for it. No-To-Bac, 100 N. 3rd St., New York, N. Y.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Write for testaments. Manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Many Inquiries Combine to Reduce Health to the Danger Limit. The reviving properties of Parker's Ginger Tonic overcomes these ailments. Write for particulars. Price 25c. Sold by Druggists. Manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Wife's Suffering—Mrs. W. writes: "I have used your 'Wife's Suffering' and it has cured me of my long-standing complaint. I feel like a new woman now." Write for particulars. Price 25c. Sold by Druggists. Manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

If You are Tired
All the time, without special exertion, as tired in the morning as you retire at night, you may depend upon it, your blood is impure and lacking in vitality. This is why it does not supply strength to nerves and muscles, you need

Hood's Sarsaparilla
The greatest medical discovery of the age.

Hood's Pills
The greatest medical discovery of the age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IMPERIAL GRANUM
IT IS THE BEST FOOD FOR Dyspeptic, Delicate, Infirm and AGED PERSONS.
JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

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THE SONG OF THE BROOK.

I haste by hill and valley,
I haste by mead and lea,
I am the messenger
From the mountains to the sea.
I am the messenger
From the mountains to the sea.
I am the messenger
From the mountains to the sea.

What do I tell the ocean?
That on the sun-kissed hills
Are perfumed valleys of healing
And hand-dewed hills,
From their eternal altar,
For evermore shall rise
In all the Eden freshness
New incense to the skies.

What do I tell the ocean?
That life blooms everywhere;
That the life is glad with music,
And all the world is fair,
And all the world is fair,
And all the world is fair.

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just as well as not take hold 'n' help ye. I s'pose Mandany left a thunder 'n' lot for ye to do while she's gone?"
"Two bushels," was the answer.
"The old cat! That's too much. But 'twon't be for both of us, will it, Ann?"
The woman said "No."
She looked for an instant intensely at the man, who had drawn his chair directly opposite her. He was already parsing an apple.
"I'd know what to make of it," she said, still in a whisper.
"To make of what?" briskly.
"Why, when folks are so good to us 's you be."
"Oh, sho', now! Everybody ain't like your Aunt Mandany."
"Sh! Don't speak so loud! Mobby she'll be comin' back."
"No, she won't. No matter if she is."

The loud, confident tone rang cheerily in the room.
Owing to the silence that followed, Mr. Baker watched Ann's deft fingers. "Everybody says you're real capable," he remarked.
A joyous red covered Ann's face. "I just about do all the work here," she said.
She looked at the man again.
There was something curiously sweet in the simple face. The patient line at each side of the close, pale mouth had a strange effect upon Mr. Baker.

He had known to say violently in conversation at the store that he "never seen Ann Tracy 'thout wantin' to thrash her Aunt Mandany."
"What in time be you dryin' Seek-no-furtherers for?" he now exclaimed with some fierceness. "They're the flattest kind of apples I know of."
"That's what Aunt says," was the reply. "She says there most as flat 's I be, 'n' that's flat 'nough."
The words were pronounced as though the speaker were merely stating a well-known fact.

"Then what she do 'um for?" persisted Mr. Baker.
"She says they're good 'nough to swap for groceries in the spring."
Mr. Baker made a deep gasp in an apple and held his tongue.
Ann continued her work, but she took a good deal of Seek-no-furtherers with the skin in a way that would have shocked Aunt Mandany.

Suddenly she raised her eyes to the sturdy face opposite her and said: "I guess your wife had a real good time, didn't she, Mr. Baker, when she was livin'?"
Mr. Baker dropped his knife. He glanced up and met the wistful gaze upon him.

Something he had thought long dead stirred in his conscience.
"I hope so," he said, gently. "I do declare I tried to make her have a good time."
"How long 's she be 'n dead?"
"Most ten years. We was livin' down to Norris Corners then."
The man picked up his knife and absently tried the edge of it on the ball of his thumb.

"I s'pose," said Ann, "that folks are sorry when their wives die."
Mr. Baker gave a short laugh.
"Well, that depends."
"Oh, does it? I thought folks had to love their wives 'n' be sorry when they died."
Mr. Baker laughed again. He made no other answer for several minutes. At last he said:

"I was sorry enough when my wife died."
A great pile of quartered apples was heaped up in the wooden bowl before either spoke again.
Then Ann exclaimed with a piteous intensity:
"Oh, I'm awful tired of bein' Aunt Mandany's fool!"
Mr. Baker stamped his foot involuntarily.

"How few know they call you that?" he cried, in a great voice.
"I heard Jan Littlefield tell Miss Monk she hoped nobody'd ask Mandany's fool to the social. And Mr. Fletcher's boy told me that's what folks called me."
"O' Lord! Jan Littlefield! Contendin' with the imp of a boy!"
These dreadful words burst out furiously.

Perhaps Ann did not look so shocked as she ought.
In a moment she smiled her immature, simple smile that had a touching appeal in it.
"Tain't no use denyin' it," she said. "I ain't jus' like other folks, 'n' that's a fact. I can't think stiddy more 'n' a minute. Things all run to gether, somehow. 'N' the back er my head's old's it can be."
"Pooh! What of it? There can't be any of us think stiddy; 'n' if we could what would it amount to, I should like to know? It wouldn't amount to nothin'."

Ann dropped her work and clasped her hands. "Mr. Baker, see that her hands was so hard and stained almost black on fingers and thumbs by much cutting of apples."
"Yes, she," she said in a tremulous voice, "sometimes I think if mother had lived she'd treated me so't I could think stiddy. I s'pose mother'd loved me. They say mothers do. But Aunt Mandany told me mother died the year I got my fall from the cherry tree. I was eight then. I don't know 'n' nothin' 'bout it, nor 'bout anythin' much. Mr. Baker, do you remember your mother?"
Mr. Baker said "Yes," abruptly. Something made it impossible for him to say more.

"I'd know how 'tis," went on the thin minor voice; but it always did seem to me 's though if I could remember my mother I could think stiddy. Do you think I could?"
Mr. Baker started to his feet.
"I'd be blamed 'f I c'n stan' it," he shouted. "No, nor I won't stan' it, neither!"
He walked noisily across the room. He came back and stood in front of Ann, who had patiently resumed work.

"Come," he said, "I think a lot of ye. Lo's girl married."
Ann looked up. She straightened herself.
"Then I should live with you?" she asked.

"That course," she laughed.
There was so much of confident happiness in that laugh that the man's heart glowed joyfully.
"I shall be real glad to marry you, Mr. Baker," she said.
Then, with pride, "No, I can cook, 'n' I know first rate how to do house-work."
She rose to her feet and flung up her head.

Mr. Baker put his arm about her. "Lo's girl right along now," he said, more quickly than he had yet spoken. "I'm just as sc'n't as I c'n be 'f I see you," she whispered.

Mr. Baker's steady underlip twitched; his face softened. But he spoke coolly.
"You needn't mind that bit er blood," he said; "that won't hurt nothin'." "I don't care if I do set down; I ain't drove any this mornin'." I c'n

"I c'n write," she said confidently. "'n' I call it fairer to leave word for Aunt Mandany."
"All right," was the response; "go ahead."
Mr. Baker said afterward that he never got much more nervous in his life than while Ann was writing that note. What if Mandany should appear? He wasn't going to back out, but he didn't want to see that woman. The ink was thick, the pen was like a pin, and Ann was a good while making each letter, but the task was at last accomplished.
She held out the sheet to her companion.
"Ain't that right?" she asked.
Mr. Baker drew his face down solemnly as he read:
Dere Ann Mandany, I'm so dretful tired of bein' your fool that I'm goin' to get me Mr. Baker. He s'ke me.
"That's just the thing," he said explosively. "Now, come on."
As they walked along in the hot fall sunshine Mr. Baker said earnestly: "I'm certain s'ro we sh'll be ever so much happier."
"So'm I," Ann replied, with cheerful confidence.
They were on a lonely road, and they walked hand in hand.
"I'm goin' to be good to ye," said the man with still more earnestness. Then, in a challenging tone, as if addressing the world at large: "I guess tain't nobody's business but our'n."
Ann looked at him and smiled trustfully.

After awhile he began to laugh.
"I'm thinkin' of your Aunt Mandany when she says that 'otter,' he explained.—The Clasp Book.

WORDS OF WISDOM.
Beauty in the heart writes its name on the face.
The scribes and paraphraser are not all dead yet.
The wicked have no possessions that are fire proof.
The riches that run to meet us soon take to themselves wings.
It never makes the day any brighter to find fault with the sun.
The wound that smarts the most is the one made by a friend.
Discouragement cannot come while there is praise in the heart.
True greatness has no need to carry a flag to attract attention to itself.
The sin that is big enough to have a name is big enough to kill the soul.
No money can buy so much as the dollar that has been honestly earned.
As long as there is dross in the gold it will want to keep away from the fire.
Some people never think of religion until they come in sight of a graveyard.

When we do not give according to our means we do according to our meanness.
A path may look pleasant and yet be filled with footprints made by the cloven hoof.
Putting armor on a coward makes him look bold, but it puts no heroism in his heart.
When some men are baptized they first put their pocketbooks where they won't get wet.
The more your enemy hates you the hotter fire your kindness will kindle upon his head.

You can't tell anything about what a man will do in a horse trade by the noise he makes in church.
Before you lose your soul in trying to gain wealth, ask the millinaire how much gold it takes to make one rich.
The man who expects to outrun a lie will have to travel on something faster than the limited express.—Rama's Horn.

Knowing Burros.
Numerous stories of the tricks of burros are related. The owner of one burro train usually turned the animals loose on Saturday night to shift for themselves over Sunday. In the herd were two grizzled patriarchs, designated as "Grandpa Burro" and "Grandma Burro." The former was a shrewd old fellow and invariably turned up missing on Monday morning, while the rest of the herd were in the pen. Frequently "Grandpa" would be found hidden a mile or more from camp behind some big rock or a dense clump of bushes. He was loath to go to work, and knew as well as a human being what would be expected of him on Monday morning.

"Grandma Burro" objected strenuously to the tight buckling of straps around her body, in fastening on the packs, and had a trick of sneaking in her breath and swelling her girth while the strap was being drawn. As soon as this was accomplished she would contract her body to its normal size, leaving the strap comfortably loose. "Grandma," however, was a faithful servant and toiled on uncomplainingly; but "Grandpa" knew a thing or two about the duties belonging to him. His own averred that the grizzled veteran would carry three hundred and fifty-one pounds were imposed he would immediately lie down.—Demorest's Magazine.

The National Motto.
The circumstances attending the adoption of the legend "E Pluribus Unum" as the motto of the United States has never been fully explained by the historians. It was probably used on coins (and some say upon early Colonial flags) long before it was generally recognized by the leading officials of the new Republic. The oldest coin bearing the motto in full is a colonial cent coined by New Jersey in the year 1786. The same year it appeared on a small medal recognized among the collectors of coins as the "Confederator." This medal was a National authority of the General Government. It bore on one side thirteen stars and a blazing sun, the latter surrounded by the word "Confederator," which gives it the name by which it is known to the numismatist.

The words in the headline, explains St. Louis Republic, are undoubtedly from Virgil's "Moresque," a poem devoted to a description of a certain salad. In the rhyming recipe he gives instructions for making the proper herbs and pounding the same in a mortar until the various colors bleed as one. Some one has very appropriately said that "the Colonies were mixed in the mortar of the Revolution and came out as one homogeneous Nation."

Interested Thirty Years After Death.
An interesting thirty years after death took place in 1867 in Berlin. The deceased was a celebrated beauty, Rachel Levin. She had ordered in her will that her coffin should have a glass plate in the top, and that it should be constantly watched for a month, and then deposited in a particular vestibule for thirty years; all of which orders were scrupulously carried out.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.
His Culinary Ambition—All It Is Good For—A New Position—Lid He Mean His Wife?—A Hunted Look, Etc., Etc.
"I feel that I could live on love," the sentimental maiden sighed.
"Do let me be your caterer."
The gallant youth replied.
—Life.
ALL IT IS GOOD FOR.
(He trying with her feather fan)—
"And you use this for air?"
She—"No; for airs."—New York Times.
A HUNTED LOOK.
"You are of American stock, are you not?"
"Yes. But however did you guess it?"
"Oh, I knew your wife was a daughter of the revolution, and you have a hunted look."—Judge.
WARNED IN TIME.
Mr. Hardnut—"I admit, sir, that my life has not been what it should be, but I truly and unselfishly love your daughter, and I hope to give her a moment's pain. I'll be made to suffer torture for it."
Old Gentleman (warningly)—"Oh, you will. You don't know her."—New York Weekly.
AN IMPRESSIONIST.
Gendarme—"Here, what are you doing? Drawing plans for yonder fortress, I suppose."
Artist—"No, indeed. I am only sketching yonder flock of sheep."
Gendarme (examining the sketch)—
"Can't see the difference. Looks as much like one as the other. You are arrested."—Fliegende Blatter.

DID HE MEAN HIS WIFE?
Mrs. Snopier—"Mr. Kidnuff alludes to his wife in a very uncomplimentary manner."
Mrs. Sunway—"What does he say?"
Mrs. Snopier—"I heard Mr. Skildmore ask him what he thought of the new woman, and he replied that the old woman was good enough for him."—Judge.
A NEW POSITION.
They had been sitting in silence for two minutes, each of which seemed like an age. The clock chimed eleven and she suppressed a yawn.
"Are you interested in baseball, Mr. Stalate?" she asked, wearily.
"Yes. I used to play short stop."
"Indeed? I should think that your qualities would not have fitted you for anything but long stop."

LATTER-DAY LUXURIES.
Fashionable Physician—"You will have to give up your life, Mr. Million."
Wealthy Patient—"I will travel in Europe a few years, if you say so."
Physician—"It would be better for you to stay here and conduct a model farm."
Wealthy Patient—"Oh, I can't afford that."—New York Weekly.

ONE WORD OF FICTION THAT PAID.
Does Wiggins manage to make his works of fiction pay?
"Well," replied the good-natured man, "he makes some of them profitable. He wrote a little article which, by its positive knowledge, brought him quite a sum of money."
"What was it about?"
"It began, 'Thirty days after date, I promise.'"—Washington Star.

THE DOWRY GIRL ABROAD.
The dinner hour having arrived the cannibals approached the captive.
"Prepare," thundered the chieftain, "to die!"
The maiden's lip curled.
"Aw, go chase yourself!" she haughtily rejoined.
The savages exchanged startled glances.
"She is certainly tough," they cried, and fled in dismay.—Puck.

THE BREAD WINNER.
"What's Dick doing today?"
"Well, Dick, he's a doctor."
"And John?"
"He's horse trainin'."
"And William?"
"He's a savin' of souls."
"And Tom?"
"Well, Tom, he's sorter politician's savin'."
"And you?"
"Well, I'm sorter farmin' an' a feedin' of Dick, an' John, an' William, an' Tom."—Life.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.
"Bridget," said Mrs. Huskib, "I understand that you have jilted the man who drives the ice wagon for the milkman."
"True for the reply, ma'am. Oh how that same," was the reply.
"And that damp spot on the doorstep in all these to show for the twenty pounds of ice we take?"
"Yes'm."
"Well, Bridget, you can either arrange to be a sister to both of them or you can look for another place."—Washington Star.

LIFTED A HEAVIER LOAD THAN A ROCK.
"The growth of a few tiny rootlets," observed the teacher of the botany class, "has been known to lift a heavy rock from its place, and the root of a tree growing out under a stone sidewalk will sometimes push it up and break it. Other cases of like nature showing the strong uplifting power of vegetable growth have occurred. I doubt not, within your own observation, is it not so?"
"Yes'm," said the boy with the faded hair. "I've heard my pay say his last year's corn crop lifted a mortgage off his farm."—Chicago Tribune.

WHO MUNGHERIAL WAS.
He was a commercial traveler of the more flashy type, and had just finished telling a startling story to his newly made acquaintance in the railway carriage.
"That reminds me of one of Munchausen's yarns," remarked the vicar for want of something better to say.
"Munchausen! Who is he?"
"Why, don't you know about him? He is the most colossal example of mendacity that civilization has produced."
A brief, painful silence ensued, which was broken by the traveler, in a tone that was almost timid.
"Excuse me, my friend," he said, "if I seem inquisitive, but would you mind telling me what house he travels for?"—Tit-Bits.

WHY SHE TOOK CLOTHESLINES.
"What are dried cherries a pound, please?" she asked, as she stood in the open door of the grocery.
"Twenty-five cents, ma'am," replied the grocer.
"Good gracious, but that's awful!"
"Regular price, ma'am, and they are very nice."
"But I can't pay no such price as that a dozen. You have clothespins at a cent a dozen!"
"Yes'm—the very best."
"Well, I'll take fifteen dozen. The idea of twenty-five cents a pound for dried cherries at this time o' year! Make it twenty dozen pins, please, and be sure they are fresh spring stock. I did want some cherries, but—well, make it twenty-five dozen pins. I don't need 'em, of course, but when I can get clothespins for a cent a dozen I'd be foolish to pay such a price for dried cherries."—Detroit Free Press.

A Hero of Many Battles.
Last week a hobbling wreck of humanity, clothed in tattered garments, sought shelter in the Christian County Poorhouse at Ozark, Mo. The homeless pauper gave his name as Thomas Higgs, and said he was 101 years old. Nearly blind, entirely toothless and almost deaf, this helpless inmate of the county house is a touching picture of a "matched pair"—age and woe!—whose woes Burns sings of so sadly.
The centenarian says he was born in Jackson County, Alabama, and fought the Creek Indians under "Old Hickory," and also took part in the Seminole and the Mexican War. He remembers helping raise a flag pole in honor of the hero of New Orleans, and to-day the picture of General Jackson is the brightest spot in his fading memory. In his left groin and right shoulder the old man carries two Indian bullets, and a scar on the throat shows where a Mexican lance inflicted a dangerous wound at the battle of Buena Vista. In the latter engagement the soldier was unhorsed and left on the field of battle for dead. He recovered consciousness several hours after being wounded and was soon able to join his comrades in arms. The old man gets no pension because his name is on the Mexican muster rolls as John Higgs, instead of Thomas Higgs.

This morning the aged pauper hobbled over to the courtroom on crutches, walking a mile, to beg the County Judges to admit his wife to the Poorhouse.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Beetles Invade a Town.
Great clouds of strange beetles settled down upon Lancaster, Penn., recently, and under every one of the hundreds of electric street lights were the morning were found bushes of the dead visitors. Half the domestics in town were out with brooms soon after sunrise to sweep the stark corpses in to the street.
They were bugs a good deal bigger than the biggest locust ever seen in this locality. They swooped down upon Lancaster by the millions during the night, and immensely long columns of them pervaded the humid atmosphere. The electric street lights were the magnets of attraction about the glittering proof touchstones that brought them to their nocturnal victims. The bugs would fly in great columns up against the big arc lamps and down they would fall, dead.

The interior of the globes were in many instances choked full of dead bugs, while under the gas lamps they were found in some smaller quantities dead or dying.
A local entomologist describes these insects as members of the family of hydrophilidae or water beetle. They come from the ponds and marshy places, and about this time of the year they are on the move, though the present visitation is phenomenal. They do not fly by day, but when at the ponds they hide in the deep mud.—Philadelphia Record.

Why He Changed His Mind.
"Some persons," said a well known detective, "say it wrong to arrest a man we know to be a criminal simply because he is apt to break the law. I had a friend who was strongly opposed to this custom and who used to talk a deal about liberty, the pursuit of happiness and constitutional rights. He was having his shoes blackened at a corner stand one day, when a young fellow ran from the saloon on the corner, grabbed my friend's watch and ran away with it. He learned that the fellow was well known in the neighborhood as a thief, and that he had been in prison several times.
"When my friend saw the man he had to make my try to catch the thief and recover his watch I told him I would do my best and asked him if he did not think it would have been better had this well known thief been locked up, so that he could not be placed in temptation's way. He just looked at me and smiled, but I know he has changed his mind, and that he now believes that any man who ever stole a shoestring should be imprisoned for life."—New York Herald.

How Electricity Kills.
The very interesting and valuable experiments which Dr. A. M. Dieble, of the Ohio State University, has been making with regard to the effects of electric shocks upon the animals or organism have reached a stage where a working theory can be predicated upon the results obtained. This theory is a complete departure from that most commonly accepted. It has been supposed that the cause of death in cases of electrocution was the breaking down of the nervous system.
But the elaborate experiments which Professor Dieble has made during last month or more leave no doubt in his mind that death results from a very different cause. He has found by experimenting with a large number of dogs that an electric shock of sufficient intensity to cause death results in a contraction of the arteries so that they refuse to perform their functions. This throws the blood from the veins into the heart, and virtually drowns the operation of that organ.—Cleveland Leader.

A Japanese Interior.
The interior of a Japanese house is quite unlike the interior of an American house. The rooms are low studded, to suit the small stature of the occupants; so low, in fact, that it is often hard for a foreigner to move through them without awkwardness. Both the outer and inner envelope of the house are in large part removable, and the sections of which they are composed can be easily adjusted to provide both door and window space. Doors, therefore, in our sense, there are usually none, and each window as may be built into the permanent walls are regarded more as a decoration than a necessity. A Japanese house contains no furniture, as we understand furniture, and, except in certain special places, is bare of pictures and other ornaments of which they are composed. Doors, therefore, in our sense, there are usually none, and each window as may be built into the permanent walls are regarded more as a decoration than a necessity. 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